And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſterſhire,
Buckingham and Northamptonſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel ſweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and his trame.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'ſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our courſe,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poſte that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellow?

Oxf. poſte. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſte that came from *Montague*?

Poſte. I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing ſonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the ſurlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,

That

That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be ſorry for thy faults
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the kin
Or did he make the ieaſt againſt his will.

War. 'Twas Warwicke gaue the kingdome to thy br

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for ſo a great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his ſubiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alaſſe, that *Warwicke* had no more foreſight,
But whilſt he ſought to ſteale the ſingle ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the Biſhops pallace,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis euen ſo, and yet you are old *Warwicke* ſtill.

War. O cheerefull colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and ſouldiors.

Ox. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaſter.*

Ed. The gates are open, ſee, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the ſtreetes.

Glo. No, ſo ſome other might ſet vpon our backes,
Wee'l ſtay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerſet, with Drum and ſoldiors.

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lancaſter.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Haue ſolde their liues vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if my ſword hold.